

SIXTY

SELECTED POPULAR

SONGS AND BALLADS,

WORDS AND MUSIC.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

Melody, with Words and Pianoforte Accompaniments, in "THE MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 177 Price 3d.

Allegretto.

Music by CHAS. DIBDIN.

While the Lads of the vil-lage so mer-ri-ly ah! Sound their
ta-hors I'll hand thee a-long, . . . And I say un-to
thee that ve-ri-ly ah! ve-ri-ly ah! ve-ri-ly
ah! ve-ri-ly ah! ve-ri-ly ah! Thou and I will be first in the
throng, . . . Thou and I . . . will be first in the throng. Just
then when the Swain, who last year won the dower, With his mates shall the sports have he-
gun, When the gay voice of glad-ness re-sounds from each how'r, And thou

lento. *Dal segno § al Fine.*

long'st in thy heart to make one. Those joys that are harm-less what
 mor-tal can blame? 'Tis my max-im that youth should be free; . . And to
 prove that my words and my deeds are the same, To prove that my words and my
D.C. al Fine.
 deeds are the same, Be-lieve me thou'lt pre-sent-ly see.

CATAWBA WINE:

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2107, Pr. 3d.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

Music by W. R. DEMPSTER.

Allegretto con spirito.

This song of mine Is a song of the vine, To be sung by the
 glow-ing . . em-bers, Of way-side inns, When the
rall. ad lib.
 rain . . be-gins To . . dark-en the . . drear No-vem-bers.
 It is not a song Of the scup-per-nog From
cres. f ad lib.
 warm Ca-ro-li-nian val-leys, Nor the I-sa-hel, And the
a tempo. cres.
 Mus-ca-del, that bask in our gar-den al-leys;
 Nor the red Mus-tang, Whose clus-ters hang O'er the

cres. *f* *ad lib.*

waves of the Co - lo - ra - - do, And the fie - ry flood Of whose

a tempo. *cres.* *f* *p*

pur - ple blood Has a dash of Span - ish hra - va - - - do; For

rich - est and best, Is the Wine of the west, That.. grows by the ..

cres.

beau - ti - ful .. ri - - - ver; whose sweet ... per - fume, Fills

rall. ad lib.

all ... the room, With a he - ni - son .. on the .. gi - ver.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By the Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor on island or cape,
That hears such a grape,
As grows by the beautiful river.
Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery, soft and creamy;
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

And pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it one needs hut name it,
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern bush to proclaim it.
And this song of the vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver,
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dress'd,
On the hanks of the beautiful river.

CEASE FOND HEART.

Published, full Mnsic size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2023, Pr. 3d.

Words by HORACE MARTIN.

Music by C. M. VON WEBER.

Moderato.

Cease fond heart, no long - er grieve thee, Why this oft re - peat - ed

sigh? Let not hope for e - - - ver leave thee, Or 'twere

bet - ter far ... to die! Or ... 'twere bet - ter far to die!

Far from home, no smiles to greet me,
No one sees the exile's tear,
And my heart for e'er is beating
For the land to me so dear.

All around though grand and lovely,
Mountains, lakes, and valleys green,

Seem, alas! hut to remind me,
And recall each home-lov'd scene.

Cease, fond heart, no longer grieve thee,
Soon the grasp of friendships hand
Will, with smiles of welcome cheer me,
In my own lov'd Switzerland.

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No 614, Pr. 3d.

Moderato.

Words and Music by DIBDIN.

Dad-dy Neptune, one day, to Free-dom did say, "If e-ver I liv'd up-on
dry land, The spot I should hit on would be lit-tle Bri-tain," Says
Free-dom, "Why that's my own Is-land," Oh! what a snug lit-tle
Is-land, A right lit-tle, tight lit-tle Is-land, All the globe round
None can be found So hap-py as this lit-tle Is-land.

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man, Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her,
Came by water, he could not come by land, Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on, They could not do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And all for the sake of our Island. And the drones came to plunder the Island,
Oh! what a snug little Island, Oh! the poor Queen and the Island,
They'd all have a touch at the Island, But snug in the hive,
Some were shot dead, The Queen was alive,
Some of them fled, And buz was the word at the Island.
And some stayed to live in the Island.

Then a very great war man, call'd Billy the Norman, These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks
Cried "hang it, I never lik'd my land, and drakes
It would be much more handy to leave this Nor-mandy, Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,
And live on yon beautiful Island." Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride
Says he, "'tis a snug little Island," duck,
Shan't us go visit the Island? And stoop to the lads of the Island;
Hop, skip, and jump, The good Wooden Walls of the Island,
There he was plump, Huzza! for the lads of the Island,
And he kicked up a dust in the Island. Devil or Don,
Let 'em come on,
But how'd they come off at the Island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat, I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Of traitors they managed to buy land, Have since been oft tempted to try land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we had never been lick'd, And I wonder much less they have met no success,
Had they stuck to the King of the Island? For why should we give up our Island?
He lost both his life and his Island, Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,
Poor Harold the King of the Island, All of 'em long for the Island,
That's very true, Hold a bit there,
What could he do? Let 'em take fire and air,
Like a Briton he died for his Island. But we'll have the Sea and the Island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept
tune
In each saying "This shall be my land,"
Should the Army of England, or all they can bring,
land,
We'd show them some play for the Island;
We'd fight for our right to the Island,
We'd give them enough of the Island,
Invaders should just
Bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

WE MET BY CHANCE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1985, Pr. 3d.

Words by H. MARTIN.

Music by F. KUCKEN.

Allegretto.

At eve - ning ere the sun has set, I has - ten to her bow'r, And
there a glance I've oft - ten met Of soft, be - witch - ing pow'r; She
ritard.
ne - ver whispers go nor stay, She ne - ver whis - pers go nor stay, . . Our
tempo.
glan - ces meet the u - sual way, Our glan - ces meet the u - sual way, Our
glan - ces meet Our glan - ces meet, Our glan - ces meet the u - sual way.

And many times I've shared the bliss,
But how I cannot say,
Her lips were close, and so a kiss,
And neither whisper'd nay;
I do not ask, she does not give,
Our lips will meet but nothing say,
As if by chance the usual way.

The dew-drop loves to woo the rose,
The white, the pink, the red,
It leaves a kiss before it goes,
But not a word is said;
'Tis thus with us as both must know,
But neither tells the other so.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1751, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

Moderato.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her
1ma. *2da.*
wand she bore; - bore; But oh! her beau - ty was far . . . be-
yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand; But oh! her
beau - ty was far . . . be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;

For tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile,
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

THE RAINY DAY.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 952-3, Pr. 6d.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Music by C. REINHARDT.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is
 ne - ver wea - ry; The vine still clings to the mould'ring wall, But at
 ev - ry . gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and
ritard. 3
 dreary, and the day . . . is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 My thoughts still cling to the mould'ring Past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
 Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;
 Thy fate is the common lot of all,
 Into each life some rain must fall—
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

THOU LOVELY ANGEL MINE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1934, Pr. 3d.

Music by C. L. FISHER.

When dew - drops fall on sleep - ing flow'rs, And stars to stars in
 love in-cline; When moonlight plays in dark' - ning bow - ers, in dark' - - - ning
 how'rs: I think of thee, my light di-
 vine; I think of thee, of thee, Thou love - ly an - gel
 mine! . . . I think . . of thee, Thou love - ly, love - ly an - gel mine!

When slowly on the glist'ning waves,
 The bark floats homeward down the Rhine,
 With music echo'd from its caves,
 I think of thee, my light divine,
 I think of thee, of thee,
 Thou lovely angel mine.

When, in a weary wanderer's eye,
 The lights of well-known places shine;
 And move his lips to songs of joy:
 I think of thee, my light divine,
 I think of thee, of thee,
 Thou lovely angel mine.

THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1994, Pr. 3d.

Words by TENNYSON.

Music by F. BOOTT.

p Allegretto.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the fros - ty light, The
year is dy - ing in the night; Ring out wild bells and let him die; Ring
ad lib.
out the old, Ring in the new, Ring hap - py bells a - cross the snow, The
a tempo.
year is go - ing, let it go, Ring out the false, Ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the fear of rich and poor,
Ring out redress for all mankind.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the light that is to be.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1740-1, Pr. 6d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Andante.

'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - -
lone; All her love - ly com - pa - nions Are fa - ded and
gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
p
nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them:
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

FLY NOT YET.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1748, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

Lively.

Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the mid-night flow'r That
 scorns the eye of vulgar light, Begins to bloom for sons of night, And
 maids that love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That
 beauty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing, Oh! stay—oh! stay— Joy so seldom
 weaves a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so
 soon, . . . Oh! . . . stay—oh! . . . stay— Joy so seldom weaves a chain Like
 this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon. . .

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old thro' Ammon's shade,
 Tho' icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near.
 And thus should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,

Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning
 Oh! stay—oh! stay—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake,
 As those that sparkle here!

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1797, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Moderato.

Fare-well! but, when-e-ver you wel-come the hour, Which a-
 wa-kens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once

wel - com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to he hap - py with you.

His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re - main Of the
f *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

few that have brighten'd his path - way of pain; But he ne'er will for - get the short

vi - sion, that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while ling' - ring with you!

And still, on that evening, when pleasure fills np,
 To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each
 cnp,
 Where'er my path lies, he it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall ho with you that
 night,
 Sball join in your revels, your sport, and your
 wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were
 here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot de-
 stroy,
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,
 Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-
 till'd—
 You may brack, you may ruin the vase, if you will
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

BEWARE! BEWARE!

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 950-1, Pr. 6d.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Music by FRANZ KULLAK.

Allegretto Moderato.

I know a maid - en fair to see, Take care! Take care! She can both false and friendly

be, Be - ware! Be - ware! Trust her not, She's fool - ing thee! She's fool - ing

thee! She's fool - ing thee! Trust her not, She's fool - ing thee! Be - ware, Be - ware!

She has two eyes so soft and brown,
 Take care! Take care!
 She gives a side glance and looks down,
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not, she's fooling thee,
 Beware! Beware!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
 Take care! Take care!
 And what she says it is not true,
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not, she's fooling thee,
 Beware! Beware!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
 Take care! Take care!
 She knows how much it is best to show,
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not, she's fooling thee,
 Beware! Beware!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
 Take care! Take care!
 It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not, she's fooling thee,
 Beware! Beware!

LESBIA HAS A BEAMING EYE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1781, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Moderato.

Les - bia has a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth,
 Right and left its ar - rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth.
 Sweet - er 'tis to gaze up - on My No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ri - ses,
 Few her looks, but ev' - ry one, Like un - ex - pect - ed light sur - pri - ses.
 Oh! my No - ra Crei - na dear; My gen - tle, hash - ful, No - ra Crei - na.
 Beau - ty lies in ma - ny eyes, But love in yours my No - ra Crei - na!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph has laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
 Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving ev'ry beauty free
 To sink or swell as heaven pleases;
 Yes, my Nora Creina dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina;
 Nature's dress is loveliness,
 The dress you wear my Nora Creina.

Lesbia has a wit refin'd,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely or to wound us?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber love reposes;
 Bed of peace, whose roughest part
 Is hut the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh! my Nora Creina dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
 Wit, tho' bright, has not the light
 That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

GOODNIGHT! FAREWELL!

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 719, Pr. 3d.

Music by F. KUCKEN.

p Con anima.
 Good - night! fare - well my on - - ly love! A thou - sand times a -
 dieu! . . . Re - ful - gent, like the stars a - bove, Will be . . . my
poco animato. *sempre cres.*
 love for you; When far a - way thine i - - mage clear Re -

flect - ed hright will he, . . . When - e'er the dark' - ning clouds ap-
 pear, My thoughts will cling to thee! . . . When - e'er the
 dark' - ning clouds ap - pear. My thoughts will cling to thee!
 Fare - well . . . my on - ly love; A thou - sand times a-
 dieu! Good night, good night, fare - well, good - night! . . .

Out from thy heart was breathed a sigh
 When last thou said farewell!
 A look of love beam'd from thine eye,
 'Twas more than tongue could tell.
 No pledge of troth thou gav'st to me,
 And yet thy faith is known;

For though I may be far from thee,
 I claim thee as my own.
 Farewell, my only love,
 A thousand times adieu,
 Good night, good night, farewell, good night.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1747 Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Moderato.

The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
 hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled: So
 sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
 hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more! . . .

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells:

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only thro' she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 667, Pr. 3d.

Words and Music by DIBDIN.

p With spirit.

A - dien, a - dien my on - ly life, My ho-nour calls me from thee, Re-
mp mem - her thou'rt a sol - dier's wife, Those tears hut ill be - come thee; What
 though hy du - ty I am call'd, Where thund'ring can - nons rat - tle, Where
p va - lour's self might stand ap-pall'd, Where va - lour's self might staud ap-pall'd, When
con espress. on the wings of thy dear love, To heav'n a - hove . . thy fervent o - ri-
 sons are flown; The ten - der pray'r . . thou put'st up there, Shall call a guar-dian
f an - gel down, Shall call a guar-dian an - gel down, To watch me in the hat-tle.

My safety thy fair truth shall he,
 As sword and huckler serving;
 My life shall he more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving:
 Let peril come, let horrors threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd when on the wings of love,
 To heav'n above thy fervent orisons are flown,
 The tender pray'r thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
 'Some kindred god inspired thee,
 Who saw thy bosom, void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee:
 I go assur'd, my life adieu,
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of my true love,
 To heav'n above thy fervent orisons are flown,
 The tender pray'r thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

WHEN THOU WERT NIGH.

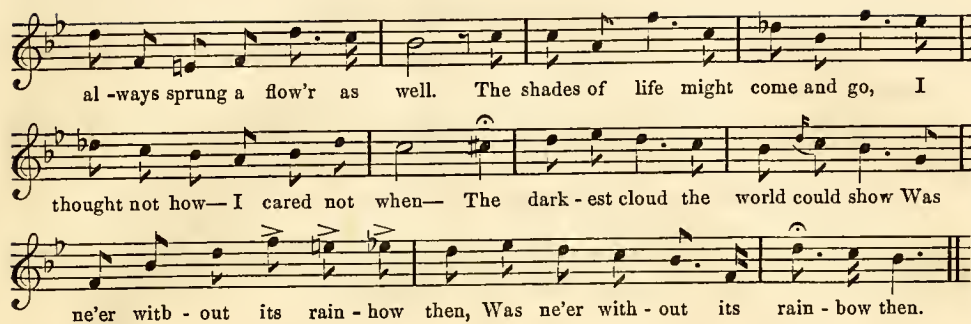
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1954, Pr. 3d.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andante espressivo.

When thou wert nigh, I did not heed What voi - ces hlam'd— what
ad lib. lot he - fell, *a tempo.* For where I found a charm - less weed There



But, now thou'rt gone, the morning ray,
 Seems dim and dull as evening's close,
 I see the cypress on my way,
 But cannot find the rich red rose.

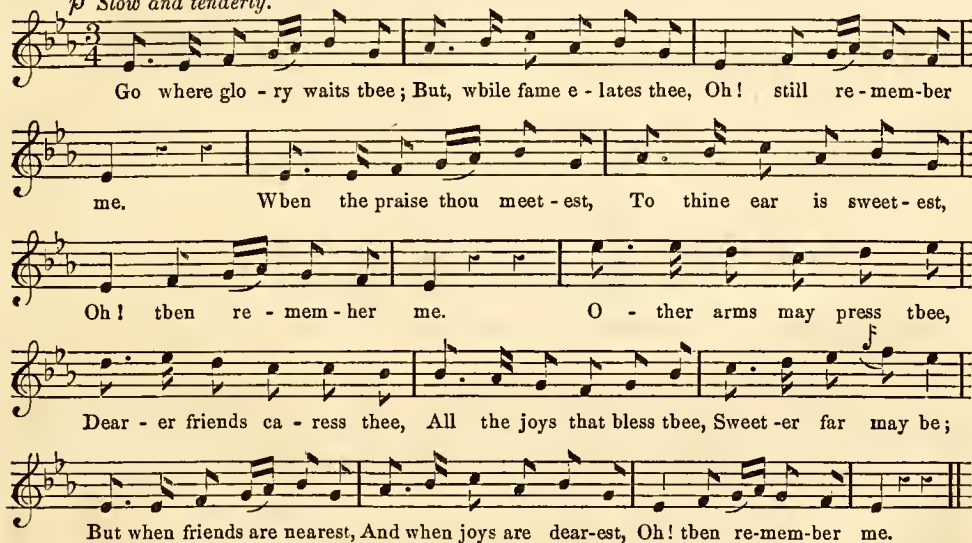
The cloud now comes with gloom alone,
 The weed now springs with haneul pow'r;
 With secret tears my heart must own,
 Thou wert the rainbow and the flow'r.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1742, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Slow and tenderly.



When, at eve, thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes,
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them—
 Oh! then remember me.

When around thee, dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then, should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let mem'ry bring thee,
 Strains I used to sing thee,
 Oh! then remember me.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1793, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Lively.

The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How
ad lib. sweet to rove, Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
 dream - ing, love! Then a - wake! the heav'n's look bright, my dear! 'Tis
lento. ne - ver too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
ad lib. length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love!

Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

MY HEART'S ON THE RHINE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 111, Pr. 3d.

Music by SPEYER.

p Vivace.

My heart's on the Rhine, the land I love best, My heart's on the Rhine, dear to
 child-hood's young breast, My heart's on the Rhine, dear to
 childhood's young breast; The hours of my boy-hood were blithe-some and gay. My
 heart e - ver light - ed by joy's gold - en ray, My youth seem'd a vi - sion of

plea - sure, a dream, Bright val - ley, blue moun - tain, gay flow' - ret and stream, And tho'
 ah - sent from home, the re - mem - brance is mine, My heart, my
 To be sung at the end of the 3rd verse.
 heart, yes, my heart's on the Rhine. My heart's on the Rhine, My
 own na - tive land. My heart's on the Rhine, My own na - tive land.

The bright orb of day changing mist into morn,
 Brought freshly the flowers my cot to adorn;
 Whilst the glittering waters of streamlet and rill,
 Reflected his rays on the old watermill.
 Fond scene of my boyhood, how sadly I pine,
 To behold thee again!
 My heart, my heart, oh! my heart's on the Rhine,

My heart's on the Rhine, the true land of mirth,
 My heart's on the Rhine, the scene of my birth;
 Those scenes when reflected so clear to my mind,
 Bring nought but regret that I left them behind:
 For there with loved faces I wander'd and play'd,
 And 'long thy lov'd waters I cheerfully stray'd,
 And for ever thy banks and thy waters are mine,
 My heart, my heart, yes! my heart's on the Rhine

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1753, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

Andante.

There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that
 vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and
 life must de - part Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall
 fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was *not* that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill:
 Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my hosom, were near,
 Who made every scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW AND MILD.

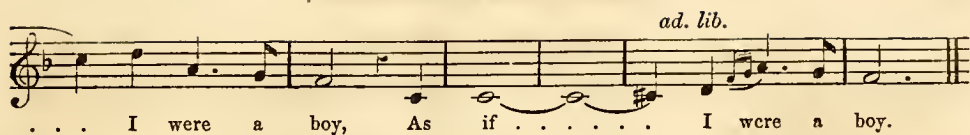
Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 964-5, Pr. 6d.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Music by C. REINHARDT.

Andantino. p

The green trees whis - per'd low and mild, It was a sound of
 joy, They were my play - mates when a child, And rock'd me in their
 arms so wild, Still they look'd at me and smil'd, As if I were a
ad lib.
 boy, As if I were a boy. And e - ver whis-per'd mild and
 low, And e - ver whis-per'd mild and low, Come, be a child once
 more, Come, be a child once more; And wav'd their long arms
 to and fro, And beck-on'd so - lemn - ly and slow: Oh! I could not choose but
pp
 go In - to the wood-lands hoar. The green trees whis - per'd
 low and mild, The green trees whis - per'd low and mild, It was a sound of
 joy; They were my play - mates when a child, And rock'd me in their
 arms so wild, Still they look'd at me and smil'd, As if I were a
 boy. As if I were a boy, As if



ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1620, Pr. 3d.

Words by M. F. TUPPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p Allegretto. *>*

All's for the best! be san-guine and cheerful; Tron-ble and sor-row are
 friends in dis-guise; No-thing but fol-ly goes faith-less and fear-ful;
cres. *dim.* *mf*
 Cou-rage for e-ver! is hap-py and wise. All's for the best! If a
 man would but know it, Pro-vi-dence wish-es that all may be blest;
p
 This is no dream of the pun-dit or po-et,
mf
 Fact is not Fan-cy—and all's for the best! Fact is not fan-cy—and
p
 all's for the best! All's for the best! All's for the best!
cres. *dim.* *CHORUS. mf*
 Fact is not fan-cy—and all's for the best! All's for the best!
f
 All's for the best! Hope and be hap-py, Then all's for the best!

All's for the best!—set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of despair may have wander'd,
 A way-wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove.
 All's for the best!—be a man, but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of his creature is guiding,
 Wisely and warily—all's for the best!
 All's for the best, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

All's for the best!—dispel idle terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
 And, in the midst of your dangers and errors,
 Trust like a child and strive like a man.
 All's for the best!—unfailing, unbounded,
 Providence wishes that all may be blest,
 And both by wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope and be happy, then—all's for the best!
 All's for the best, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

'TIS SAD TO PART.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2111, Pr. 3d.

Words by C. SHEARD.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

p Andante con affetto.

'Tis sad to part from those we love, We ne'er may meet a-
gain, When kin - dred spi - rits friend-ship prove, They se - ver but with
pain; And oh! the part - ing word and tear, The sigh, the last fare-
well, Give to the soul a tone of fear, Far more than lips, than lips can
tell. 'Tis sad to part, 'Tis sad to part, 'Tis sad to part from those we
love; . . 'Tis sad to part from those we love, We ne'er may meet a-
gain, When kin - dred spi - rits friendship prove, They se - ver but with pain.

And when from those we have to part
Who've loos'd a friendship's tie,
'Tis then that sorrow wounds the heart
And makes the bosom sigh;
Kind words and acts will ever prove
The means to bury hate;

Then let us all forgive and love,
Ere it may be too late.
'Tis sad to part from those we love,
We ne'er may meet again;
When kindred spirits friendship prove,
They sever but with pain.

EVANGELINE.

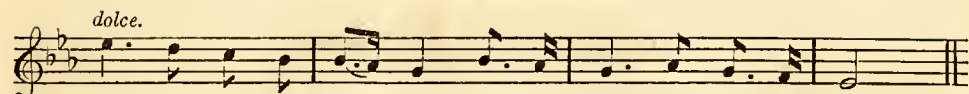
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1600, Pr. 3d.

Words and Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p Moderato con espress.

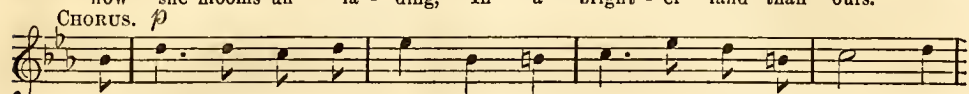
She is lost to us for e - ver, And we look for her in vain,— She is
gone, and we shall ne - ver See that an - gel face a - gain; A-
las! that one so love - ly Should per - ish like the flow'r's, Yet

dolce.



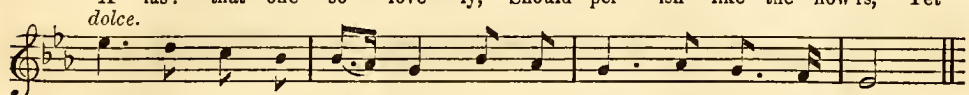
now she blooms un - fa - ding, In a bright - er land than ours.

CHORUS. *p*



A - las! that one so love - ly, Should per - ish like the flow'rs, Yet

dolce.



now she blooms un - fa - ding In a bright - er land than ours.

She was lovelier than the glowing
Of the morning's rosy beam;
And a light seemed round her flowing,
Like the radiance of a dream.

She faded from our vision,
Like a calm, sweet summer day;
But the image of her beauty
Shall never pass away.
Alas! that one, &c. (Repeat Chorus.)

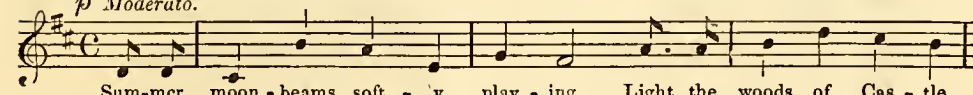
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1444-5, Pr. 6d.

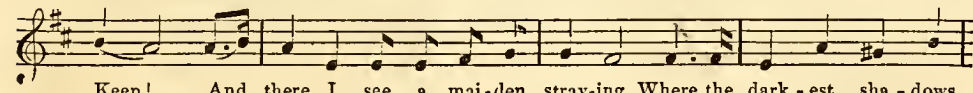
Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

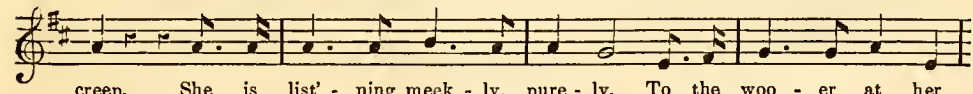
p *Moderato.*



Sum-mer moon - beams soft - ly play - ing, Light the woods of Cas - tle

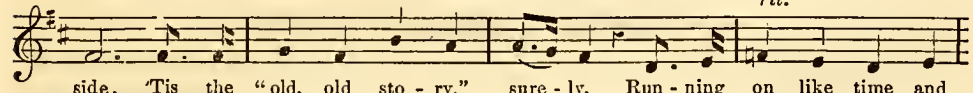


Keep! And there I see a mai - den stray - ing, Where the dark - est sha - dows



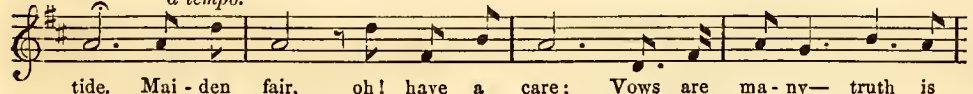
creep. She is list' - ning meek - ly, pure - ly, To the woo - er at her

rit.

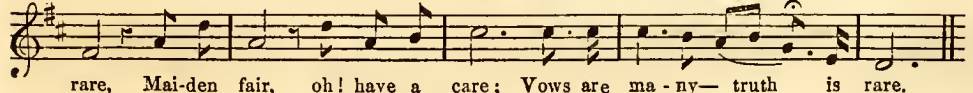


side, 'Tis the "old, old sto - ry," sure - ly, Run - ning on like time and

a tempo.



tide. Mai - den fair, oh! have a care; Vows are ma - ny— truth is



rare, Mai - den fair, oh! have a care; Vows are ma - ny— truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,
Lordly doublet speaks his lot;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
His the castle, hers the cot.
Sweeter far she deems his whisper
Than the night-bird's dulcet trill:
She is smiling, he beguiling—
'Tis the "old, old story," still.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care—
Vows are many, truth is rare.

The autumn sunn is quickly going
Behind the woods of Castle Keep,
The air is chill, the night wind blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep.
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,
The "old, old story," sad and brief,
Of heart betray'd and left nigh breaking,
In mute despair and lonely grief.
Maidens fair, oh have a care—
Vows are many, truth is rare.

DRINK TO HER WHO LONG.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1767, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Playful.

Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the po-et's sigh—The girl who gave to Song What
Gold could ne-ver buy! Oh! woman's heart was made For minstrel-hands a-lone; By
o-ther fin-gers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then here's to her, who long Hath
wak'd the po-et's sigh—The girl, who gave to Song What Gold could ne-ver buy!

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "Which might pass?"
She answer'd, "He who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do;
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way thro'.
Then here's to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines:
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere,
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

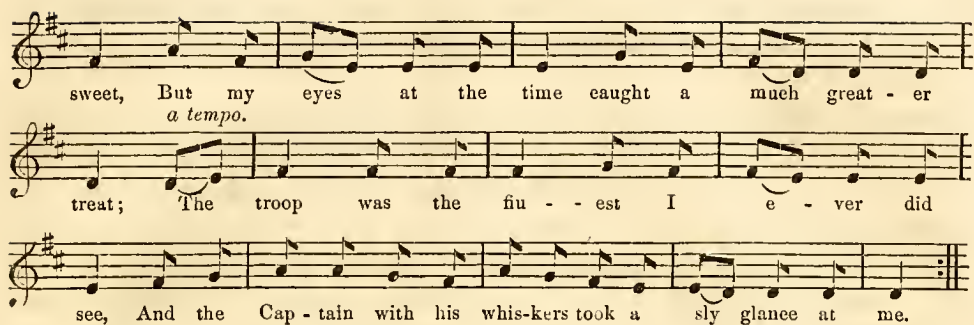
THE CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1992, Pr. 3d.

Arranged by T. COMER.

p Allegretto.

As they march'd thro' the town with their ban-ners so gay, I
ran to the win-dow to hear the band play; I peep'd thro' the
blinds ve-ry cau-tious-ly then, Lest the neigh-hours should say I was
look-ing at the men. Oh! I heard the drums beat and the mu-sic so



When we met at the ball, I of course thought 'twas right
 To pretend that we never had met before that night;
 But he knew me at once I perceived by his glance,
 So I hung down my head when he ask'd me to dance.
 Oh! he sat by my side at the end of the set,
 And the sweet words he spoke I shall never forget;
 For my heart was enlisted and could not get free,
 As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

I remember, with superabundant delight, [night:
 When we met in the street and we danc'd all the
 And keep in my mind, how my heart jumped with
 glee, [at me,
 As the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance
 But there's hope, for a friend just ten minutes ago
 Said the Captain's return'd from the war, and I know
 He'll be searching for me with considerable zest;
 And when I am found—hut ah! you know all the rest.

But he marched from the town, and I saw him no more,
 Yet I think of him oft, and the whiskers he wore;
 I dream all the night, and I talk all the day,
 Of the love of a Captain who went far away.

Perhaps he is here—let me look round the house—
 Keep still, ev'ry one of you—still as a mouse—
 For if the dear creature is here he will be
 With his whiskers a-taking sly glances at me.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1794, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Moderato.



The minstrel fell, hut the foeman's chain
 Could not bring that proud soul under,
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1765, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. MOORE.

p Moderato.

Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I
gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and
fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou would'st
still be a - dor'd as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear ru - in each
wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.

Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flow'r turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

PRETTY NELLY.

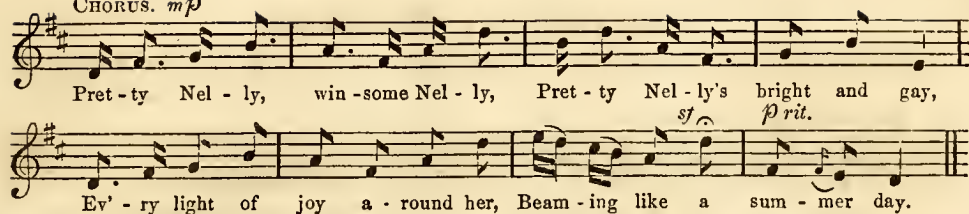
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Words by J. BROUGHAM, ESQ.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p Moderato.

Pret - ty Nel - ly, win - some Nel - ly, Pret - ty Nel - ly's bright and gay,
Ev' - ry light of joy a - round her Beam - ing like a sum - mer day;
We are poor, both I and Nel - ly, Nei - ther land nor gold have we,
But she says, "I am her trea - sure,"—And she's all the world to me.

CHORUS. *mp*

Pretty Nelly, guileless Nelly,
Pretty Nelly's ever mild,
Lovely as a poet's dreaming,
Simple as a very child:
Let the wealthy boast their splendour,
Still a greater gift have we,
For she says, "I am her treasure,"
And she's all the world to me.

Pretty Nelly, &c. (Repeat Chorus.)

Pretty Nelly, faithful Nelly,
Pretty Nelly's true as gold,
With a heart as pure as ever
Beat within a mortal mould;
Are we poor, then, I and Nelly?
No! but rich as rich can be,
For I know I am her treasure,
And she's all the world to me.

Pretty Nelly, &c. (Repeat Chorus.)

WE'LL BE TRUE TO EACH OTHER.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1955, Pr. 3d.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p Moderato.



Let us chafe not unwisely by rudely defying
The doubts and denials that echo in vain;
Like the ship in the stream on her anchor relying,
We'll live on our truth till the tide turns again.

We are parted, but trust me it is not for ever,
Our vows, breathed in earnest, will surely be blest;
So we'll work and we'll wait with Love's fervent
endeavour,
Be true to each other, and hope for the rest.

THE FOND HEARTS AT HOME.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1892, Pr. 3d.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p Andante con espressione.

When I left the dear home of my fa - thers, And saw its blue hills melt a -
 way, Young Hope chas'd the tears from mine eye - lids, Like the
mf
 night - dew in morn - ing's bright ray, "Stay, stay," said the lov'd ones, at
 part - ing, "Oh! tempt not the wild o - cean foam, It
p
 may be thou leav'st us for e - ver, Oh! stay with the fond hearts at home, It
cres.
 may be thou leav'st us for e - ver, Oh! stay with the fond hearts at home."

But dreams of the future allured me,
 Such dreams as young hearts only know,
 When the skies are all sunshine and glory,
 And this earth seems a heaven below;
 And swiftly my bark bore me onward,
 As gaily she dashed through the foam,
 Far from the arms of my kindred—
 The true hearts, the fond hearts at home.

Like the beautiful tints of the evening,
 My fancy's bright dream soon was o'er,
 I returned to the home of my fathers,
 To the arms of my kindred once more;
 "Stay, stay," said the lov'd ones at meeting,
 "Oh! say thou wilt never more roam;"
 "If there's bliss," I replied, "in this wide world,
 'Tis found with the fond hearts at home."

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1956, Pr. 3d.

Words by HERRICK.

Music by W. KNOWLES.

p Moderato.

Ga - ther ye rose - buds while ye may, Old Time is e - ver fly - ing; And
 that same flow'r which blooms to - day, To - mor - row may be dy - ing; The
cres.
 glo - rious lamp of heav'n, the sun, The high - er he is get - ting, The

dim. e rall.

soon - er will his race he run, And near - er he's to set - ting. Then

a tempo.

ga - ther ye rose - huds while ye may, Old Time is e - ver fly - ing, And

rall.

that same flow'r which blooms to - day, To - mor - row may be dy - ing.

When, in the days of youth and love,
The heart with joy is glowing,
Remember age will soon remove
The pleasures now o'er-flowing.
Then, be not coy, go use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry,

For having lost, hut once, your prime,
Ye may for ever tarry.
Then gather ye rosehuds while ye may,
Old Time is ever flying,
And the same flower which blooms to-day
To-morrow may be dying.

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION; OR, THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1881, Pr. 3d.

Music by L. HEATH.

p Allegretto.

I'll tell you of a fel - low, of a fel - low I have seen, Who is

nei - ther white nor yel - low, hut is al - to - ge - ther green; And his

name it is not charm-ing, it is on - ly com - mon "Bill," And he

a tempo.

wish - es me to wed him, but I hard - ly think I will.

Oh, he whisper'd of devotion, of devotion pure and deep, He was here last night to see me, but he made so long a stay,
And it seemed so very silly, that I almost fell asleep; I began to think the blockhead never meant to go away;
And he thinks it would be pleasant, as we journey down the hill, At first I learnt to hate him, and I know I hate him still,
To go hand-in-hand together—but I hardly think I will. Yet he urges me to wed him—but I hardly think I will.

He has told me of a cottage, of a cottage 'mong the trees; I am sure I would not choose him, but that I am fairly in it:
And don't you think the fellow tumbled down upon For he says if I refuse him, he could not live a minute;
While the tears the creature wasted were enough to turn a mill, Now you know that the commandment plainly says we must not kill,
And he begged me to accept him—but I hardly think I will. So I've thought the matter over—and I rather think I will.

THE FALSE HEARTED.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1898, Pr. 3d.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p Moderato.

Oh, would that we had ne - ver met, Oh, would that we had
cres.
 ne - ver lov'd! Then I had ne - ver known re - gret, Nor she nn - - faith - ful
con energia. cres.
 proved; But now 'tis past . . . and ne'er a - gain . . . Shall love en - thrall . . . me with its
f
 chain, 'Tis past, . . . and I have lov'd in vain—False - heart - ed one, fare -
dim. ad lib.
 well! 'Tis past, . . . and I have lov'd in vain—False heart - ed one, fare - well!

So false and yet so fair to see,
 Her dream-like beauty haunts me yet,
 And, tho' she now be dead to me,
 I cannot all forget.

But now 'tis past, and ne'er again
 Shall love enthrall me with its chain;
 'Tis past, and I have lov'd in vain—
 False-hearted one, farewell!

THE GAY DECEIVER.

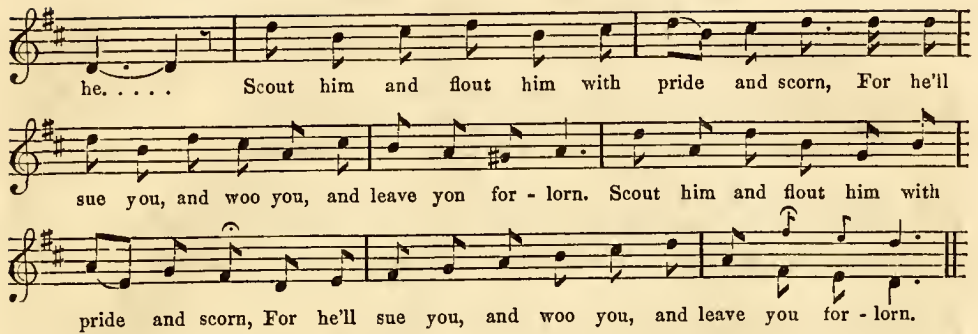
Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1979-80, Pr. 6d.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

p Allegro moderato.

Gal - lant and tall, and a sol - dier with - al, Sir Har - ry goes court - ing the
 fair, He has hur - nish'd his curls, and his white hand twirls Through the
 tres - ses with ten - der care. He is whis - per - ing low, But don't
 let your hearts go, Maid - ens, just watch, and you'll see, . . . That Sir
 Har - ry can smile, and mean no - thing the while, For a gay de - cei - ver is



He holds up his head, and tells of the dead,
And the wounded his beauty has left;
Lightly he'll boast of the love-smitten host
By his charms of their peace hereft.
Oh! heave not a sigh at the hink of his eye,
Though melting its beam may be;
He seeks to entrance your souls with a glance,
But a gay deceiver is he.
Scout him and flout him—he worships a stone,
For the image he doats on is only his own.

This gallant and gay Sir Harry, they say,
Has reckon'd his worth in gold,
Sir Harry is not to be given away,
He is only a thing to be sold.
Maidens, don't fret, though his whiskers of jet
Right daintily trimm'd may be;
Oh! give him no part of a woman's warm heart,
For a gay deceiver is he.
Scout him and flout him with pride and scorn,
And leave him and his beauty to live forlorn.

DEEP GAZE TO GAZE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2022, Pr. 3d.

Music by CARL WILHELM.



Who truly loves, he has no time
This love in words to measure,
Who once has lov'd if that is fied,
Ne'er finds in love a pleasure.

But what are words? the blissful glance,
The firm hand's silent pressure,

The glowing kiss—they tell the tale
In words that have no measure.

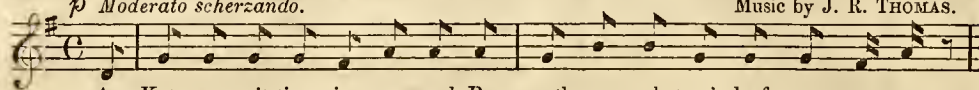
But really love, oh! truly love,
Sigh, weep, long love complaineth!
But shout aloud, through all that lives,
'Tis love eternal reigneth.

BE QUIET DO, I'LL CALL MY MOTHER.

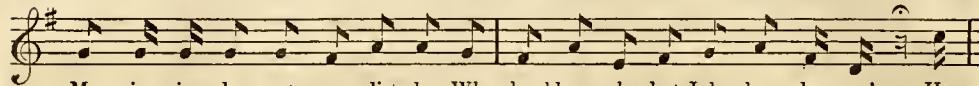
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1968, Pr. 3d.

p Moderato scherzando.

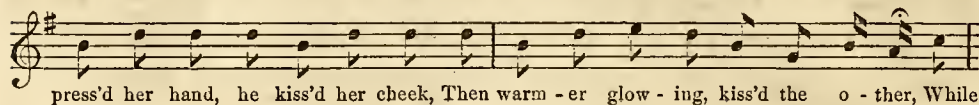
Music by J. R. THOMAS.



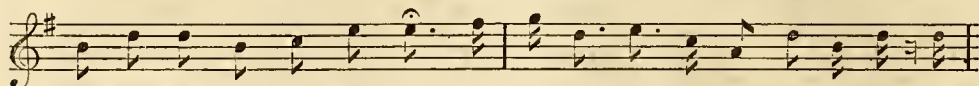
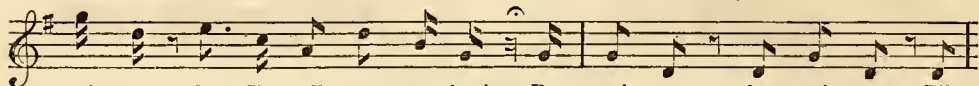
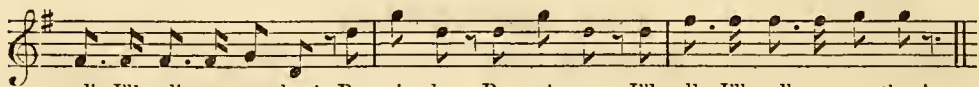
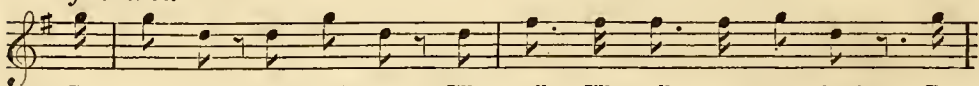
As Kate was sit-ting in a wood, Be - neath an oak tree's leaf - y co - ver,



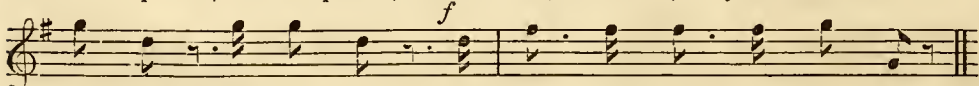
Mu - sing in plea-sant so - li-tude—Who should come by, but John, her lov - er! He



press'd her hand, he kiss'd her cheek, Then warm - er glow - ing, kiss'd the o - ther, While

she ex-claim'd and strove to shriek; Be qui - et do, I'll call my mo-ther! Be
In a subdued tone.qui - et do, I'll call my mo-ther! Be qui - et, he qui - et, I'll
With a shrill voice.call, I'll call my mo-ther! Be quiet do, Be qui - et, I'll call, I'll call my mo-ther!
mf CHORUS.

Be qui - et, he qui - et, I'll call, I'll call, my mo - ther! Be



qui - et, he qui - et, I'll call, I'll call my mo - ther!

He saw her anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide her;
Then wiping from her cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside her;
He feigned such pretty, am'rous woe,
Breathed such sweet vows one after t'other,
She could but smile and whisper—low,
Be quiet do, I'll call my mother!
Be quiet, &c. (Repeat Chorus.)

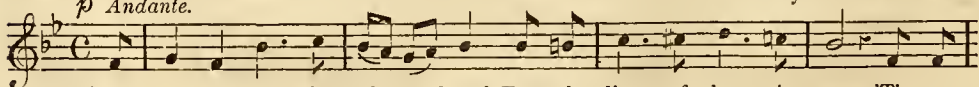
He talk'd so long, and talk'd so well,
And vow'd he meant not to deceive her,
Kate felt more grief than she could tell,
When, with a sigh, he rose to leave her.
"Oh! John," said she, "and must you go?
I love you better than all other;
There is no use to hurry so,
I never meant to call my mother!
Be quiet, &c. (Repeat Chorus.)

GOOD BYE.

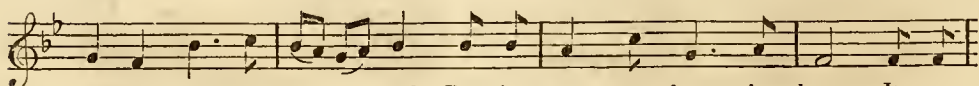
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1508, Pr. 3d.

p Andante.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.



Fare - well, fare-well, is of - ten heard, From the lips of those who part, 'Tis a



whis-per'd tone, a gen - tle word, But it comes not from the heart, It may

cres. *rall.* *p*

serve for the lov - er's clos - ing lay To be sung 'neath a sum - mer sky. But

a tempo. *ad lib.*

give to me the lips that say, The ho - nest words, "Good bye!"

mf CHORUS.

1ma. *2da.*

Good bye, . . good bye, . . good bye, good bye, good bye, good bye, bye, good bye,

The mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears, her doubts, her fears,
For the lov'd one's future life.
No cold "Adieu," no "Farewell" lives
Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
"God bless thee, hoy, Good-bye."
Good-bye, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

Go watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam,
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world's a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand—
A long and last "Good-bye."
Good-bye, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

WE MEET AGAIN.

COMPANION TO "GOOD BYE."

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1509, Pr. 3d.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p Andante affettuoso.

When friend from friend is doom'd to stray, And glist'-ning is each eye; When

lips with trembling ac - cents say The last fond word, "Good bye," One thought still cheers the

cres. *p*

droop - ing heart And soothes the bo - som's pain, . . . That tho' in sor - row

accel. *a tempo.* *dim.* *p*

we de - part, In joy we meet a - gain, we meet, we meet . . a - gain.

mf CHORUS. *f* *dim.*

We meet a - gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain.

The wand'rer far from those he loves,
And all his heart holds dear,
Oft ling'ring, as he onward roves,
To check the rising tear:
When thoughts of home and by-gone days
Come crowding o'er his brain,
How sweet the voice within that says,
"Hope on, we meet again."
We meet again, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

And when we near the bed of death,
Shall watch life's less'ning ray,
While, as we gaze, the feeble breath
Is fleeting fast away;—
In that dark hour of bitter woe,
When tears are all in vain,
Calm o'er the soul these words shall flow,
"In Heav'n we meet again."
We meet again, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

I KNOW A PRETTY WIDOW.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2036, Pr. 3d

Music by F. BUCKLEY.

p Allegretto moderato.

She is mo-dest, but not bash-ful, free and ea - sy, but not bold, Like an
ap - ple ripe and mel - low, not too young and not too old; Half in-
vi - ting, half re - pul - sive, now ad - vanc - ing, and now shy, There is
mis - chief in her dim - ple, There is dan - ger in her eye, She has
stu - died hu - man na - ture, She is school'd in all her arts, She has
cres. *rit e dim.* *p a tempo.*
ta - ken her di - plo - ma as the "mis - tress of all hearts," She can
tell the ve - ry mo - ment when to sigh and when to smile; O! a
maid is some-times charm-ing, but a wi - dow all the while, O! a
maid is some - times charm - ing, but a wi - dow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious will her handsome Ye old bachelors of forty, who have grown so bald
face become; and wise,
Are you angry? she is wretched, lonely, friendless, Fast young Englishmen of twenty, with the love-locks
tearful, dumb; in your eyes,
Are you mirthful? how her laughter, silver-sounding, You may practise all the lessons taught by Cupid
will ring out; since the fall.
She can lure, and catch and play you as the angler But I know a little widow who would win and fool
does the trout. you all.

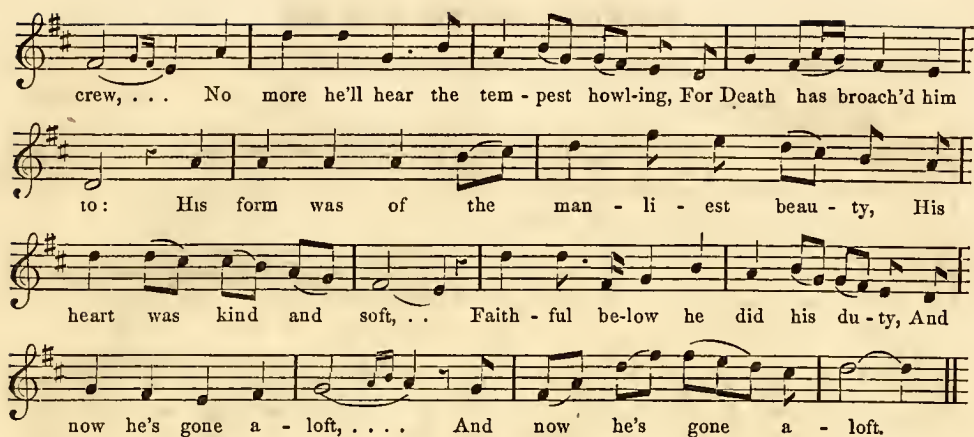
TOM BOWLING.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 518, Pr. 3d.

Words and Music by DIBDIN.

Andante.

Here a sheer - hulk, lies poor Tom Bow - ling, The dar - ling of our

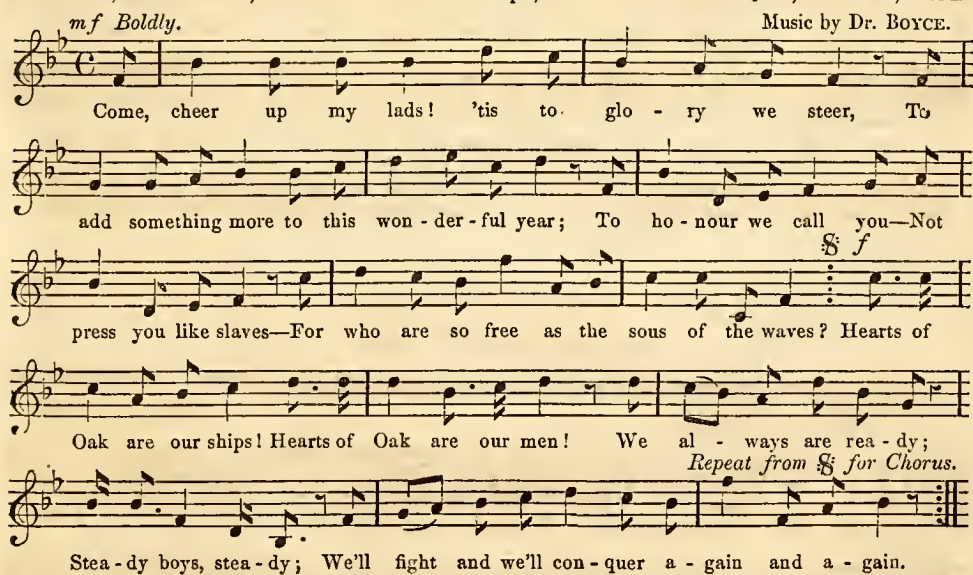


Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who Kings and Tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

HEARTS OF OAK.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2026, Pr. 3d.



We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more!
Hearts of Oak, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

They vow they'll invade us, if all lose their lives,
But that scarcely frightens our children and wives;

But should their screw steamers in darkness get o'er,
Free Britons they'll find to receive them on shore!
Hearts of Oak, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

Our Rifles are ready our rights to maintain—
Like their sires be victorious again and again;
Then cheer up, my lads, let them come if they mean,
And we'll all fight like Britons for country and Queen!
Hearts of Oak, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

BE WHAT YOU SEEM TO BE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1500-1, Pr. 6d.

Words by B. S. MONTGOMERY.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

Moderato.

Be what you seem to be, Scorn ev' - ry wile, No ho - nest heart is e'er
 Sha - dow'd with guile; Be what you seem to be, Scorn ev' - ry wile,
 No ho - nest heart is e'er Sha-dow'd with guile. Still as you're sail - ing o'er
 Life's trou - bled stream, Let Truth be your com - pass And
 be what you seem! Still as you're sail - ing o'er Life's trou - bled stream, Let
 Truth be your com - pass And be what you seem! Be what you seem,
 Be what you seem, Let Truth be your com - pass And be what you seem!

Be what you seem to be, staunch friend or foe,
 Steadily, manfully, onward still go;

"Honour and Truth ever win men's esteem"—
 Let this be your motto, and be what you seem.

IN THE SPRING TIME.

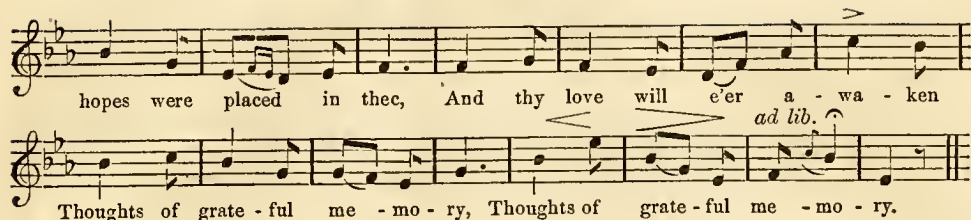
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1627, Pr. 3d.

Words by HORACE MARTIN.

Music by FLOTOW.

p Dolce con espress.

In the Spring-time first I sought thee, And thy friend - ly roof did
 share, 'Twas my a - ged fa - ther brought me To thy fond and
 gen - tle care; Home-less wan - d'ers, sad, for - sa - ken, All our



Joy has come, and sorrow's dying,
For thy smiles have cheered the past,
Ever on thy faith relying,
Thou wilt love me to the last;

I was left thee—to thee given,
And have had a mother's care,
Thy reward will be in heaven
When the angels greet thee there.

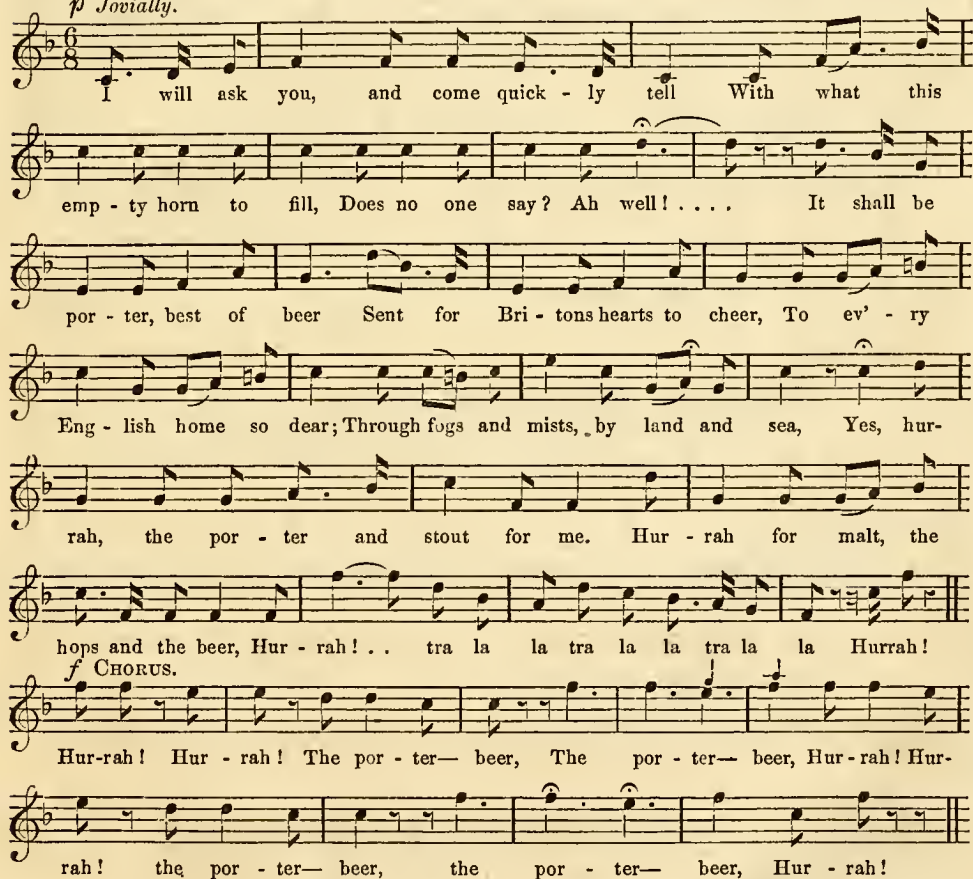
THE PORTER SONG.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1628, Pr. 3d.

Words by HORACE MARTIN.

Music by FLOTOW.

p Jovially.



And who among all this jovial throng
Will praise the beer in joyous song?
You're all agreed? Ah, well!
Let all who will deride and jecr,
What more hearty than porter-beer?

So bright, and clear, and fragrant, too—
My comrades all, I drink to you!
Hurrah, the porter, it drives away fear,
Hurrah, the malt, the hops, and the beer,
Hurrah, tra la la tra la la tra la la.

THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2093, Pr. 3d.

Words by T. LOKER, ESQ.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY

Andante.


My day's toil was o'er, and as pen-sive and wear-ry, I
sat in my cot-tage, my lamp burn-ing low, I thought on the fu-ture so
darksome and drea-ry, Com-par'd with the days that are gone long a-go, When I
wan-der'd at will a-mid green sha-dy bowr's, Or sought in the wild woods the
sweet breathing flow'rs, And a fore-taste of heav'n, I thought those bright hours, When
Ed-win first wooed me, a gal-lant Hus-sar. The moon dim-ly shone, and the
night wind blew keen-ly, A-round my frail cot-tage loud whis-tled the blast; My
boy on his pal-let was sleep-ing se-rene-ly, And smil'd as if wrapt in a
dream of the past; A sweet sooth-ing slum-ber so gent-ly came o'er me, And
back to my youth so de-light-ful-ly bore me, I dreamt that my Ed-win a-
gain stood be-fore me As when he first wooed me, a gall-lant Hus-sar.

"Oh, Ellen!" he cried, "give no heed to their story, Oh! my heart leapt with rapture again to behold him,
Who say I am fallen and sleep with the slain; I thought on his breast was a bright shining star,
Behold me return'd, crown'd with laurels and glory, Which seem'd, as I eagerly strove to enfold him,
In safety to home and my Ellen again: To vanish, disclosing the life-letting scar.
Again through the wild wood and green shady bow'rs, I awoke from my dream, 'twas the dawning of morning,
We'll seek with our darling the sweet-breathing So cheerless and cold with the sad truth returning,
flow'rs, And knew that I still was a widow left mourning,
And a foretaste of heav'n again shall be ours, For ever bereft of my gallant Hussar.
As when you first call'd me your gallant Hussar."

MARTHA, MARTHA, THOU WILT LEAVE ME.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1585, Pr. 3d.

Words by HORACE MARTIN.

Music by FLOTOW.

p Allegro moderato.

She ap - pear'd, and her glance Shed a lus - tre bright and
 clear, Like a star from a - - far, And to me . . . she seem'd more
 dear; Her sweet smiles and looks of love Bound my
 heart, bound my heart in chains to her, Like an an - gel
 from a - bove, Came she forth as if to cheer,
 Came she forth as if to cheer; . . . But a - - las!
 'twas all in vain, Heart to me she could not give,
 And my love, now but pain, . . . Ne'er can hope for her to
 live. Mar - tha, Mar - tha, thou wilt leave me, But my heart will
 fol - low thine! Thy bright eyes . . can on - ly grieve me, I must
 live but to re - pine! Yes! I live but to . . . re - pine!

THE MOONLIT SEA.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1507, Pr. 3d.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

p Allegretto moderato.

Oh come love with me, O'er the bright moon-lit sea, No lon-ger de-
lay love, I'm wait-ing for thee; The winds are all hush'd, not a
cloud's in the sky, And the moon in her beau-ty is beam-ing on
high, I'll sing thee soft lays while I sit by thy side; As
o'er the still wa-ters we si-lent-ly glide. Then come love with
me o'er the bright moon-lit sea, No lon-ger de-lay love, I'm
wait-ing for thee. CHORUS. *mf* Then come love with me O'er the
bright moon-lit sea, No lon-ger de-lay love, I'm wait-ing for thee.

Come away, love, away, oh, why dost thou stay? My bosom is burning with eager delight,
'Tis love's witching hour, love, oh haste thee, I pray, To gaze on thy beauty, thou queen of the night.
Above and below all is calm and serene, Then come, love, with me o'er the bright moonlit sea,
It wants but thy presence to perfect the scene. No longer delay, love, I'm waiting for thee.
Then, come, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

WILL YOU COME TO MY MOUNTAIN HOME?

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1089-90, Pr. 6d.

Words by ALFRED WHEELER, Esq.

Music by F. H. BROWN.

Spiritoso.

Will you come to my moun-tain home, love? Will you come to the hills with
me, . . . In the wild woods we will roam, love, With our spi-rits light and

free, . . As gay as the winds we'll dance a-long, Thy voice shall our mu-sic
 be, . . . Its tones shall ri-val the birds' sweet song, With its tune-ful me-lo-
 dy, . . I'll deck thy hair with ro-ses rare, That grow on the gen-tle
 hills, . . . And thy ru-hy lip shall the nec-tar sip From the
 moun-tain spark-ling rills. . . Hark! 'tis the woods that shout, re-joice! Will you
 come love, come to-day, . . And list! 'tis the sound of their woo-ing voice, To the
 hills, the hills a-way, . . And list! 'tis the sound of their woo-ing voice, To the
 hills, to the hills, a-way, . . To the hills, . . to the hills, . . to the
 hills, to the hills, a-way, . . To the hills, . . to the hills, . . to the
 hills, to the hills, a-way. . . Hil-li ho! . . Hil-li ho! . . Hil-li
 ho! Hil-li ho! Hil-li ho! . . Hil-li ho! . . Hil-li ho! . . Hil-li
 ho! Hil-li ho! Hil-li ho!

Oh! sweet is the mountain air, love,
 Where our bridal couch shall be,
 And the bloom on thy cheek so fair, love,
 Shall ne'er fade in the wild wood free:
 Our dreams shall all be of fairy-land,
 For we'll rest by a silv'ry lake,

And fays shall be waiting for thy command,
 When each rosy morn shall break.
 And thus we'll dwell in the gladsome dell,
 Where our love shall unchanging be,
 And at morning bright, or by pale moonlight,
 I'll ever be near to thee.
 Hark! 'tis the woods, &c.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2106, Pr. 3d.

Words by M. F. TUPPER, ESQ.

Music by G. J. WEBB.

p Allegretto con energia.

A - way with false fashion, so calm and so chill, Where pleasure it - self can - not
 please ; . . A - way with cold breed - ing, that faith - less - ly still Af -
ritard. *a tempo.*
 fects to be quite at its ease, . . Af - fects to be quite at its ease. For the
 deep - est in feel - ing is high - est in rank, The free - est is first of the
 band, . . And Na - ture's own No - ble - man, friend - ly and frank, Is a
a tempo.
 man with his heart in his hand, Is a man with his heart in his hand.

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,
 He warmly can love and can hate,
 Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust,
 To fashion's intolerant state.
 For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
 Though lowly or poor in the land,
 Is nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
 The man with his heart in his hand.

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
 His impulses simple and true,
 Yet temper'd by judgment, and taught by good sense,
 And cordial with me and with you.
 For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
 It is yon, man, or you, man, who stand,
 Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank—
 A man with his heart in his hand!

THE RED CROSS OF ENGLAND, THE FLAG OF THE BRAVE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1930-31, Pr. 6d.

Words by ELIZA COOK,

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

mf Boldly.

Old England thy name shall yet war-rant thy fame, If the brow of the foe-man should
 scowl; Let the Li - on be stirr'd by too dar - ing a word, And be -
 ware of his e - cho - ing growl We have still the same breed of the
 man and the steed that won no - bly our Wa - ter - loo wrcath; We have

more of the blood that form'd In-ker-man's flood When it pour'd in the whirl-pool of
 Death; and the foe-man will find nei-ther cow-ard nor slave 'Neath the
 Red Cross of England—the Flag of the Brave, the Flag of the Brave, the
Repeat from § for Chorus.
 Flag of the Brave, 'Neath the Red Cross of Eng-land—the Flag of the Brave.

We have jackets of blue, still as dauntless and true, Though a tear might arise in our women's bright eyes,
 As the tars that our Nelson led on; And a sob choke the fearful "Good-bye,"
 Give them room on the main, and they'll show us Yet those women would send lover, brother, or friend,
 again, To the war-field to conquer or die,
 How the Nile and Trafalgar were won. Let the challenge be flung from the braggart's bold
 tongue,
 Let a ball show its teeth, let a blade leave its sheath, And that challenge will fiercely be met;
 To defy the proud strength of our might, And our banner unfurl'd shall proclaim to the world,
 We have Iron-mouth'd guns, we have steel-bearded That "there's life in the old dog yet."
 sons, Hurrah! for our men on the land or the wave,
 Our ships and our sailors are kings of the wave, 'Neath the Red Cross of England—the Flag of the
 Brave, The flag, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*) Brave. The Flag, &c. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

KISS, BUT NEVER TELL.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps, in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2168, Pr. 3d.

Words by S. STEELE, Esq.

Music by BUCKLEY.

p Allegretto.

When love grows warm there is a charm, and oft a sa-cred bliss, When
 fond hearts greet for lips to meet In sweet af-fec-tion's kiss; But to re-veal the
 sa-cred seal Which hal-lows it so well, May quench love's flame with breath of shame, So
 kiss but never tell. Oh kiss but never tell, oh never! Breathing breaks the
Repeat from § for Chorus.
 spell, True lo-ers pledge to keep e-ver, Kiss but ne-ver tell.
 At night when eyes like stars beam bright, In each true breast by honour hlest,
 And kindred souls commune, To kiss and never tell,
 And heart to heart, love's vows impart, Then kiss but never tell oh never!
 Beneath the smiling moon; Breathing breaks the spell,
 At such an hour of magic pow'r, True lovers pledge to keep for ever,
 What hallow'd raptures dwell, Kiss but never tell.

I'M THINKING OF THE TIME, MARY.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 1502-3, Pr. 6d.

Words by R. S. MONTGOMERY.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

Andante.

I'm think - ing of the time, Ma - ry, When I was young and gay, When
 first I saw thy gen - tle face, That well re - mem - ber'd day; I'm
 think - ing of the ra - ven hair, The eyes so frank and bright, And the
 small white hand whose light - est touch Could thrill me with de - light; They
 tell me now that ra - ven hair is sad - ly ting'd with gray, But
 Oh! to me thou'rt dear as when We both were young and gay; They
 tell me now that ra - ven hair Is sad - ly ting'd with gray, But
 Oh! to me thou'rt dear as when We both were young and gay. I'm
 think - ing of the time, Ma - ry, I'm think - ing of the time, Ma - ry, I'm
ad lib.
 think - ing of the time, Ma - ry, When I was young and gay.

When I was young and gay, Mary,
 I gave my vows to you;
 For weary years we've sever'd been,
 Yet still this heart is true.
 I cast my all of earthly bliss
 Upon a hopeless die,

Yet proudly boast that none but thee
 E'er won my heart's fond sigh.
 For oh, the heart that worshipp'd thee,
 Could never downwards stray!
 The angel of my life thou wert,
 When I was young and gay.
 For oh, &c.

SHE'S BLACK, BUT THAT'S NO MATTER.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 2169, Pr.3d.

Music by HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

p Allegretto moderato.


My Di - nah, dear me, she's as beau - ti - ful quite, As a star that shines
 calm - ly at close of the night, A voice like a Sy - ren, a
 foot like a Fay— She's just such a gal you don't meet ev' - ry
calando.
 day, She's just such a gal you don't meet ev' - ry day.

(Spoken.) But she's black, she's so very black.*p Allegretto.*


I know she is, but what of that, You'd love could you look at her, I'd
 have her just the way she is—she's black, hut that's no mat - ter; I
 know she is, but what of that, You'd love, could you look at her, I'd
 have her just the way she is—She's black, hut that's no mat - ter, She's
 black, but that's no ma - ter, She's black, hut that's no mat - ter.
mf CHORUS.
 I'd have her just the way she is—She's black, but that's no mat - ter, She's
 black, but that's no mat - ter, She's black, hut that's no mat - ter.

She lives on the bank of a bright flowing stream,
 In a cabin that might have been built in a dream,
 Surrounded by roses and woodbines and leaves,
 That twine and climb lovingly up to the eaves,

(Spoken.) But she's black, she's so very black,I know she is, &c. *(Repeat Chorus.)*

If ever I marry this dark colour'd maid,
 You'll believe in the truth of what I have said;
 I love her because her complexion will keep,
 And they say that all beauty is only skin deep.

(Spoken.) But she's black, she's so very black.I know she is, &c. *(Repeat Chorus.)*

THERE WOULD I BE.

Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 2156-7, Pr. 6d.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY

p Andante cantabile.

Where the blue bil-lows and bright peb-bles meet, Where the sand glit-ters and
 wild wa-ters flow; Where the white foam would come kiss-ing my feet, And the
 breath of the night-ze-pyr fall on my brow. Where my rapt spi-rit might
 wan-der a-lone, Blest in its dreams 'mid the fresh and the free; Where
 sea gulls ca-reer and the storm de-mous moan, By the
ritard. *a tempo.*
 shell-stud-ded o-cean—there, there would I be there would I
 be, there would I be, Where sea gulls ca-reer and the
 storm de-mons moan, By the shell-stud-ded o-cean there, there would I be.

Where the dark forest-lords tangle their boughs, Among the blue hills or beside the deep flood,
 And close shadow'd dew-drops are sparkling at noon; Where the weed robes the rock and the moss folds
 the tree;
 Where gipsy bands linger to sleep and carouse With the surge of the wave and the song of the wood,
 In the covert that shuts out the wind and the moon; With freedom and nature there, there would I be,

HURRAH FOR OUR RIFLEMEN.

Published, full Music size, with words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," Nos. 2163-4, Pr. 6d

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by J. L. HATTON.

mf With spirit.

Hur-rah for our Ri-fle-men, men of the land! Who have
 sprung with a brave-heart-ed yearn-ing; Not wil-ling nor ea-ger to

kin - dle War's brand, But to guard what that brand might set burn - ing. They have
limbs for a march, they have fronts for a blow—Show them lau - rels and see how they'll
win them; They have hands for a trig - ger and eyes for a foe, They have
hands for a trig - ger and eyes for a foe, That will prove the true Bri - ton is
in them, That will prove the true Bri - ton is in them. Then
here's to the Gray, and the Green, and the Blue, Ne - ver heed in what co - lour you
find them; But he sure they'll be dyed a blood - red, through and through, Ere the
chain of a des - pot shall hind them. Ere the chain of a des - pot shall hind them.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the Gray, and the Green, and the Blue, Ne - ver
heed in what co - lour you find them; But he sure they'll be dyed a blood -
red, through and through, Ere the chain of a des - pot shall
hind them, Ere the chain of a des - pot shall hind them.

Let them come from the loom, from the plough, and the forge,
Let their bugles ring louder and louder;
Let the dark city street and the deep forest gorge
Prove that labour makes valour the prouder.

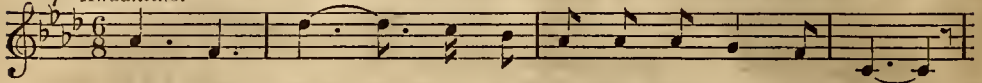
Let them dwell in sweet peace till a moment may
come
When the shot of an enemy rattle;
And the spirits that cling the most fondly to home,
Will be first to rush forth in the battle.
Then here's to the Gray, &c. (Repeat Chorus.)

BREAK, BREAK.

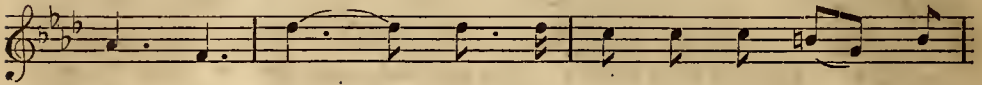
Published, full Music size, with Words and Pf. Accomps., in the "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 1993, Pr. 3d.

Words by TENNYSON..

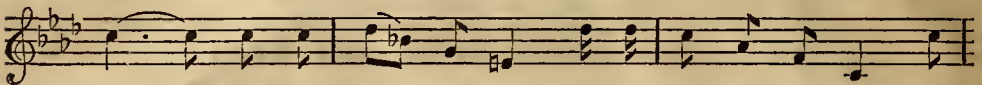
Music by F. BOOTT.

p Andantino.

Break, break, break at the foot of thy crags, O sea! . . .



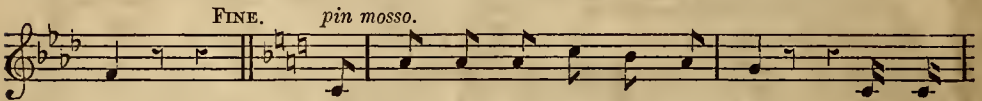
Break, break, break at the foot of thy crags, O



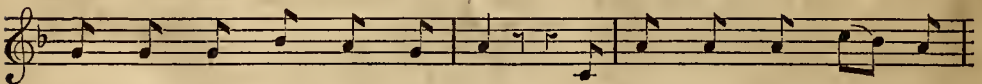
sea! But the ten - - - der grace of a day that is dead, Will



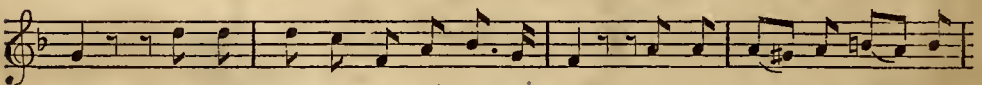
ne - - - ver come back to me, . . . Will . . . ne - ver come back to



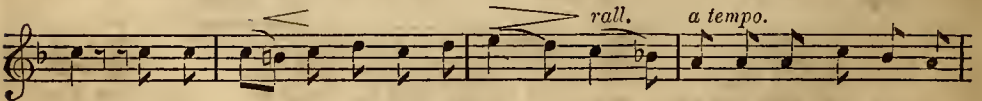
me. O, well for the fish - er - man's hoy, That he



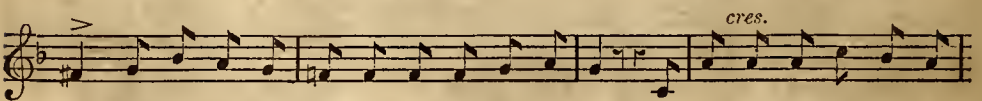
shouts with his sis - ter at play! O, well for the sai - lor



lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay! And the state - ly ships go



on, To their ha - ven un - der the hill; . . But, . . O, for the touch of a



van - ish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still! But, O, for the touch of a



van - - ish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!

VERSE 2.

Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well, &c.